

BEHIND'S FAREWELL TO HER CRINOLINE

Farewell my own dear Crinoline  
Sadly I bid thee adieu,  
I feel the deepest chagrin,  
To think I am parted from you.

When clad in my armour of steel,  
How airily I swept along;  
All those who beheld me did feel  
That I was the swell of the throng.

Then the whole sidewalk I'd take,  
Just as a matter of course;  
And smile at some fainical rake,  
Push'd into the gutter perforce.

I must bid the skirt litter farewell,  
That shew'd one's ankles so neat,  
And not hear some gentleman well  
Say 'demme! what bootiful feet.

Dressed like Horace's Lelage,  
In loose flowing robes and no train,  
(Tho' I weep as much as Nobe),  
I must become mortal again.

Eugenie, that fanciful prude,  
When she vetoed our dear crinoline,  
(I'm sure I don't wish to be rude),  
Committed a terrible sin.

We won't let her fashion undo us,  
E'en tho' we once wore her dapes  
Neither Eve, Cleopatra or Venus,  
I am certain ever wore hoops.

Then bravely I'll dry my eyes,  
And submit myself to my lot,  
Since the very dearest of ties,  
In time will yet be forgot.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—Hard times and hot weather are the simultaneous ejaculations of every one you meet now-a-days. The streets are as dry as that well at whose bottom truth is supposed to lie; or as a toper's throat when he has been fifty minutes without his accustomed nip. The sun has effected some peoplea heads, so that many of both sex seem doubtful of their proper gender—the weaker sex donning the paraphernalia of the Lords of the Creation, while man—noble—man is seen staggering about with a head-gear, a cross between a widow's muslin cap, and a straw bonnet. The King street swells are all had their crats turned at Stovel's at two dollars per head, or rather per tail—and have commenced their season in King street, south side—(Finch's occupation is gone, and no mistake.) The codfish aristocracy are in the last stages of destitution and despair—many having applied for admission to the poorhouse. "Oh how are the mighty fallen." West End is, in the classic diction of Vestrali, "played out"—"played out"—all the nulla bonas of that aristocratic vicinity have found the extreme length of their respective tethers, or in "the words of Othello,"

"Here is your journey's end, here is their butt,"  
"And very sea mark of their utmost sail."

The only amusement indulged in at present is libelling and defaming men occupying high positions in the country, in calling "virtue hypocrite, and all mendicars." The City Council continue to hold their stormy and abusive meetings as heretofore—pity some good Christian would not attempt to reform them, or bring them one and all, in some degree, to a knowledge of their duty towards their neighbour. The Reform Club

has become defunct—the Crooner's insect field thereof returned a verdict, "died from sheer debility and inanition." Today a parsonical dream in this city has a strawberry feed in the Government House Grounds, in aid of a fund to build him a stable for his horse, in the rear of his new parsonage house. His master was born in a stable but he was n't—*not much!*

Go it you tripples  
Yours truly  
THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

TO POLITICAL WRITERS.

(AND CITY REPORTERS IN PARTICULAR.)

Mr P—begs to announce to reporters of newspapers, that he has constructed, at a very great expense (morally speaking) several sets of new glasses, which will enable the wearer to see as small or as great a number of auditors, at political meetings or public conferences, as may suit his purpose. Mr—has also invented a new kind of ear trumpet, which will enable a reporter to hear only such portions of an harangue as may be in accordance with his political bias; his reports of City Council matters will sufficiently exemplify this virtue; or should there be nothing uttered by any speaker that may suit his purpose, these ear trumpets will change the sounds of words and the construction of sentences in such a way as to be incontrovertible, although every syllable should be diverted from its original meaning and intention. They have also the power of "larding" a speech with "applause in the gallery," "loud cheers" or "strong disapprobation."

These valuable inventions have been in use for some years by Mr—in his connection with a leading City Journal; but no publicity has been given to them until Mr P. has thoroughly tested their efficacy. Mr—begs to state that though magnifying and diminishing glasses are no novelty, yet his invention is the only one to suit the interest of parties without principle.

A wag well known to the Grumbler perpetrated a rich joke the other day at the expense of one of our stylish officials. Our comical friend finding a rusty brass pin with a green glass stone mailed the same with a copy of the following note—to the Mayor.

Hamilton, June 18, 1864.

Major P—e.  
Toronto—

Sir—the inklosed pin with the mokwa stone was the rightful owner, besides I seed u nee were found by mee yesterday and knowin u was fond of showin and unique Jewelleri I konkluded u was it was found in the Police court.

(Sgd. Thos Lark-y).

The reply to which is as follows:

Sir—I daly received your favah—I'm dewighted to find my Mokwa pin you; honah! I was about to secure the services of Detective Armstrong, you need not come down. I will report youah honest wasitoshin of my property to His Worship the Mayor—foh no knowindgment by the Powice Commissioners—gawd bwess my thole, my deah fellah, how can I reward you—ask one of youah wellwals to call at the Quab and I will send you a pweesent of a bwace of Ducks.

Youahs obwiged.

P. S. Du you pwefer the Teal Dweck or the Swan Bwille—

The members of the Church of England white they hail with satisfaction the boon that is conferred upon them by the power vested in the Synod of electing their future bishops, must take earnest heed

that this liberty be not used as a cloak of licentiousness. It behoves them therefore, most jealously to guard every avenue against the smallest semblance of an approach to the groupings of worldly policy in the matter. Hence it is that the individual, no matter how great, his claims may be to distinction, who seeks the office of Bishop, and by regularly organized system of canvassing and bribery, would overpower his more scrupulous and conscientious opponents, is to be looked upon with suspicion, nay, shunned as an enemy of the truth.

Sorry should we be to see a Church, foremost in the ranks, as an exponent of Protestant truth and doctrine, prostituted to the purposes of personal ambition. To preserve unsullied the streams, therefore, let it be our endeavor to establish the purity of the fountain, *check* the first principles of evil in their germ, so that it may not be our reproach to attempt to root it out when it has gained ground by protraction. In a word, let no one, however great his necessities, listen to the siren voice of the charmer, who, "charm" he never so wisely as, tries to church preferment by Simoniacal practices. The GRUMBLER is on the watch-towers and will point the finger of scorn at every delinquent. We shall take a fuller view of this matter on some future occasion.

Why may Adam be said to have been the first to set the Winter fashions? [Do you give it up?] Because the only coat he then wore was a bare shin?

SPECIAL BUSINESS NOTICE.

THE HALL wherein the Harp of Tara was wont to entrance the listener with the Magic of its soul-stirring melody has acquired a world-wide reputation; its ruins are eagerly sought for and visited by travellers of every nation under the sun, and none leave their seductive precincts without carrying away with them some memento of the "Majestic and venerable pile." But "Tara's old Hall" is far, far o'er the sea, and our citizens male and female, young and middle-aged, are to be seen daily rubbing, pushing and crushing in one continuous stream like the interminable procession in Dante's Inferno, to visit that other Hall, (below St. Lawrence) on the South side of King street where, courtesy, cheap Dry Goods, and Millinery, have acquired for him Provincial if not universal fame! Like the other Hall—seldom does a pilgrim to this favored shrine depart from the scenes of his joys without bringing away with him [or her] a remnant of the glory left behind.

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